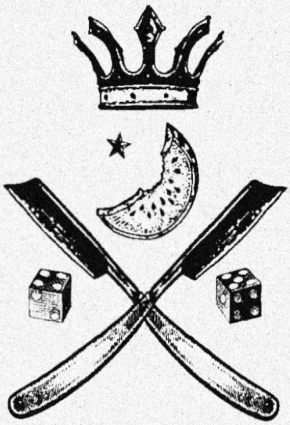
THE NEW MINSTREL REVIEW 2

THE NEW MINSTREL REVIEW

EDITED BY

ABEED FREEMAN



DE [redacted] VOLUME

Learned

2025

DUBBA TRUBBA.

ALL YOU DARKIES won't you save a slice for me? Said some nigga somebere, an' hea am de secund slice!

EAT DAT

WATEMELON

EAT DAT

WATEMELON

T DAT

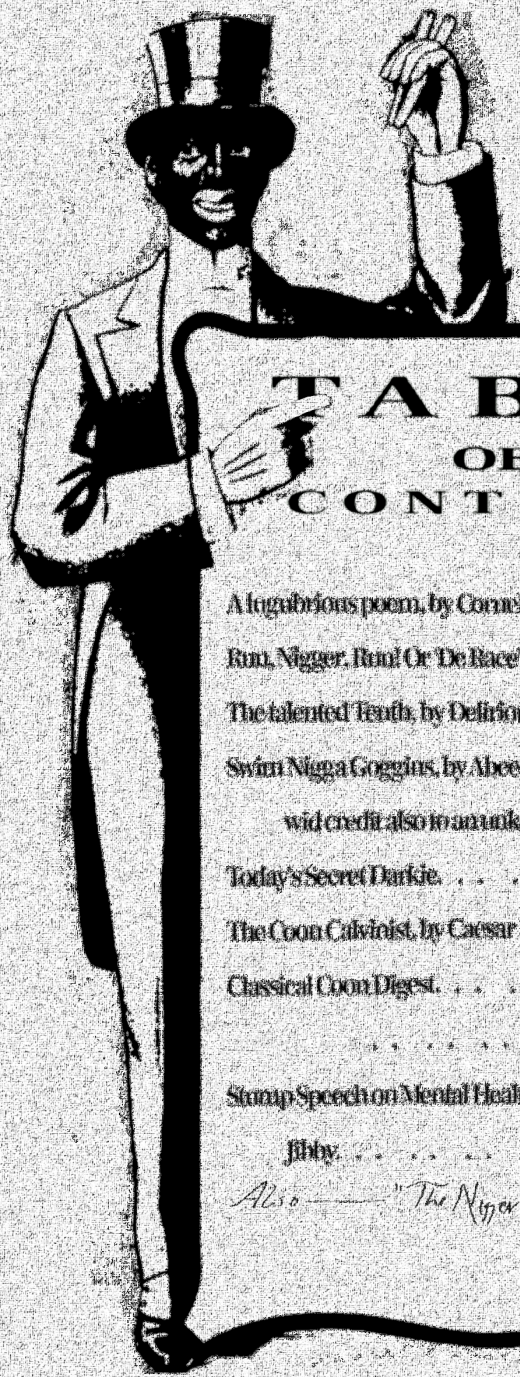


TABLE OB CONTENTS

A logubrious poem, by Cornelious P. Rickashaw . . . 1

Run, Nigger, Run! Or 'De Race' . . . . . &

The talented Tenth, by Delirious Zanjee Johnson. . .

Swim Nigga Goggins, by Abeed Freeman,

wid credit also to an unknown uncle. V

Today's Secret Darkie. 22

The Coon Cultivoist, by Caesar Dip-Dap Doo-Bah. . .

Classical Coon Digest. . . . . .

. . . . . 20 an sum

Stump Speech on Mental Health, by Jib Jiggafeet

Jibby. . . . . .

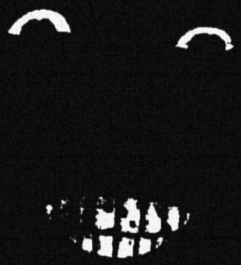
Also — "The Nigger Napoleon, by Jib Jiggafeet (NO RELATION)

A LUGUBRIOUS POEM

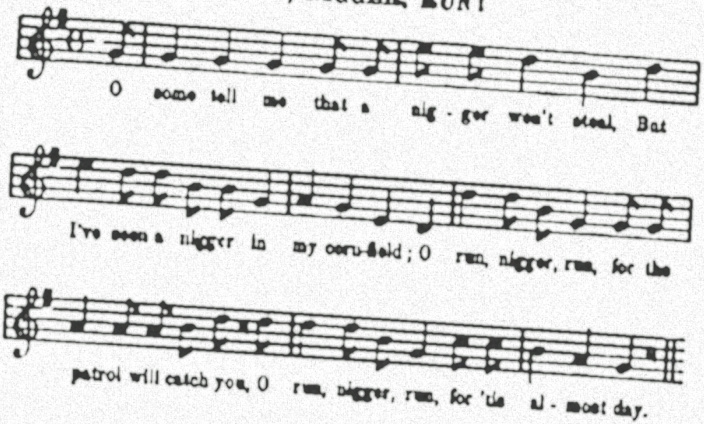
BY

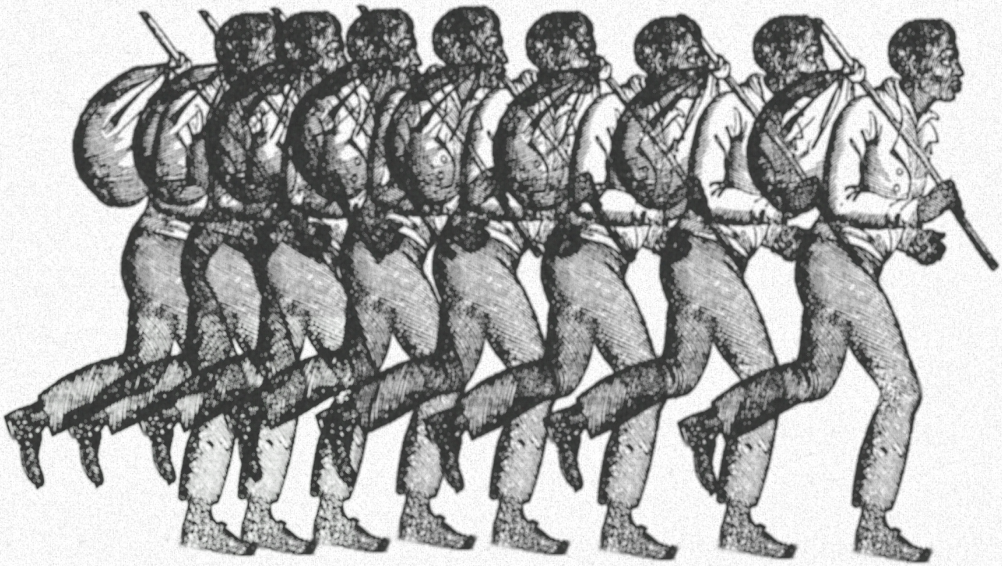
Cornelious P. Rickashaw.

I had a dream I was smilin'
Grinnin' from ear ta ear,
But in de dream I was cryin':
"Oh! Let me disappear!"
An' den I did vanish, into da abyss,
But dis darkie was still smilin'
An' gleemin' wit him teef.
An' so I did vanish; nebber to be seen;
Dis darkie was a' smilin',
Jas' lak in de dream. . .



110. **RUN, NIGGER, RUN!**


O some tell me that a nig - ger won't steal, But
I've seen a nigger in my corn-field; O run, nigger, run, for the
patrol will catch you, O run, nigger, run, for 'tis al - most day.



RUN, NIGGER, RUN!

OR 'DE RACE'

Some sebberal years ago, die yung songster "Tay-K[oon]"—who am currently sebbin' sum 55 years fo' de capitol murda'—had himsef a touch of de drapetomania, an' dis lead him ta write de song "De Race," which am here been faithfooley re-produced fo' yo readin' enjoyements.

Oh I'se lil Tay-K, ya best be 'fraid o' me,
If yu want sum ruckus, yu gwine cease ta be!
If yu tink yu got numbas on me, we do sum subtractin',
Dat Smith 'n' Wess' dar speak wit mighty compassion!
Chorus: Oh Lawd, no beat, I's tryna' beat de case,
But I ain't beat no case, so am ran de race!
Beat it up, Lawdy, where am done let loose?
Right in her face, lak sum ol' wild goose!
Eli Blast be tossin' fours lak a vase,
Crackin' lak thunda' fo' I got out de place!
Kill'd dat fella', an' am got's ta flee,
Skippin' cross de ribber, as fast as am can be!
Robbed dem nigga shoe, an' stole dem lace,
We's fixin' ta' see a hunnid in our face!
Oh, dis darkie eat dem noodles ebbery day,
Drawin lil doodles, paintin' all de way!
Choppa' cut dem rascals lak de fish filette.
Woke up dis mornin', who gwine die today?
Shoot dat soundrel rite up him face,
Cookin' up trubba, boah get out dar place!
If ya' take dis road, best be countin' yo' sack,
Else dem robbers come an' take it rite back!
I'se got me a 50, I be quick wit da hand,
Try an' rob me, do a jig where ya stand!
We was plottin', y'all was slow on de game,
Try ta stash it, but we takin' yo claim!

Oh I'se lil Tay-K, ya best be 'fraid o' me,
If yu want sum ruckus, yu gwine cease ta be!
If yu tink yu got numbas on me, we do sum subtractin',
Dat Smith 'n' Wess' dar speak wit mighty compassion!
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Skippin' cross de ribber, as fast as am can be!
Robbed dem nigga shoe, an' stole dem lace,
We's fixin' ta' see a hunnid in our face!

The Talented Tenth.

By

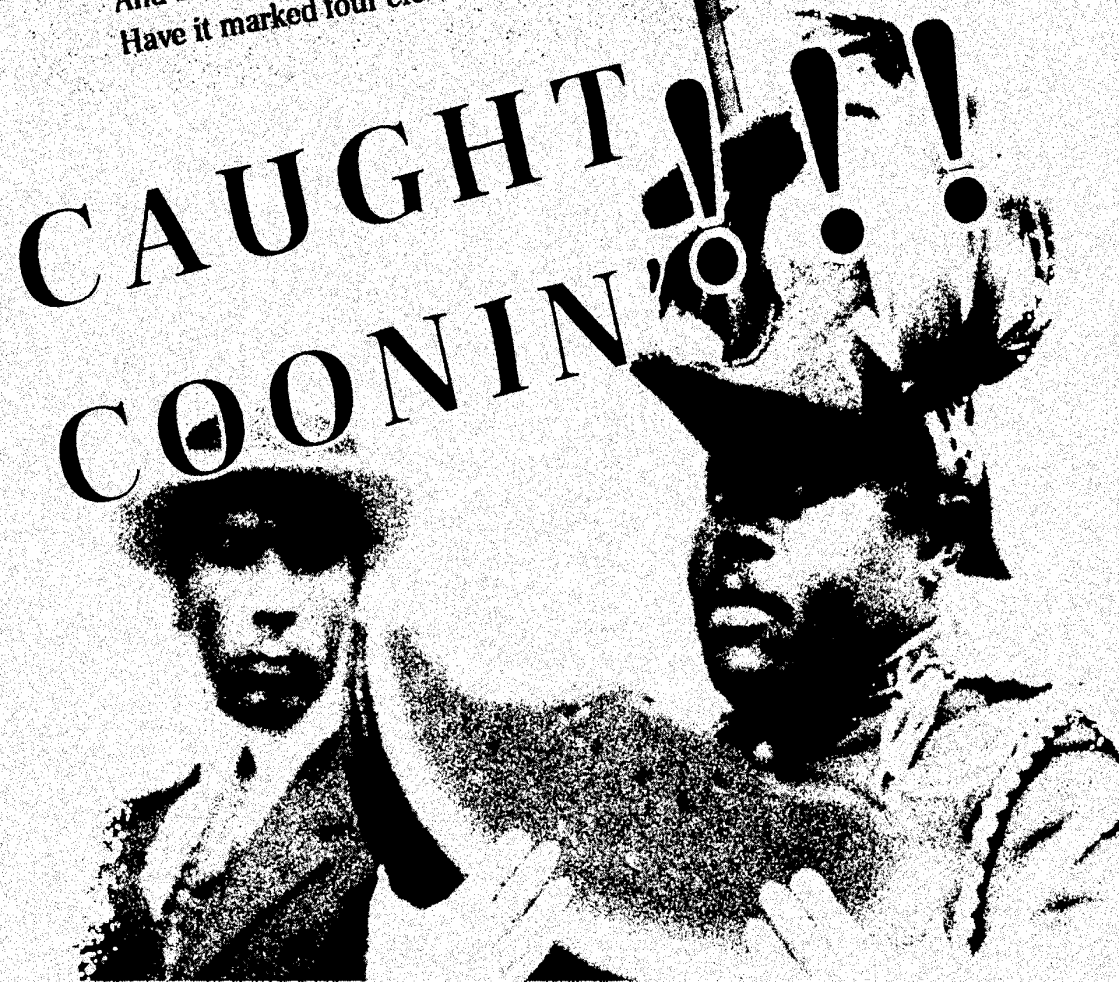
Delirious Zanjee Johnson.

I'se can read, I'se can write,
I'se can see into de night,
I'se nebba learn't how to fight,
But I'se a smart negro.
I'se went ta kawledge,
I'se got's de nawledge,
I'se also eat de porridge,
But I'se a smart negro.
Many nigga is a savage,
They tink possum is a garnish,
But my race I intend ta salvage,
Kase I'se a smart negro.

They just CAN'T RESIST THEM "NIGGA APPLES"!

Every race has a flag but the coon
He says, "Now I'll suggest a flag
that ought to win a prize
Just take a flannel shirt and paint it red
They draw a chicken on it with two
poker dice for eyes
An' have it wavin' razors 'round its head
You might also like
To make it quaint, you've got to paint
A possum with a pork chop in his teeth
To give it tone, a big hambone
You sketch upon a banjo underneath
And be sure not to skip just a policy slip
Have it marked four eleven forty four

CAUGHT COONIN'!!!

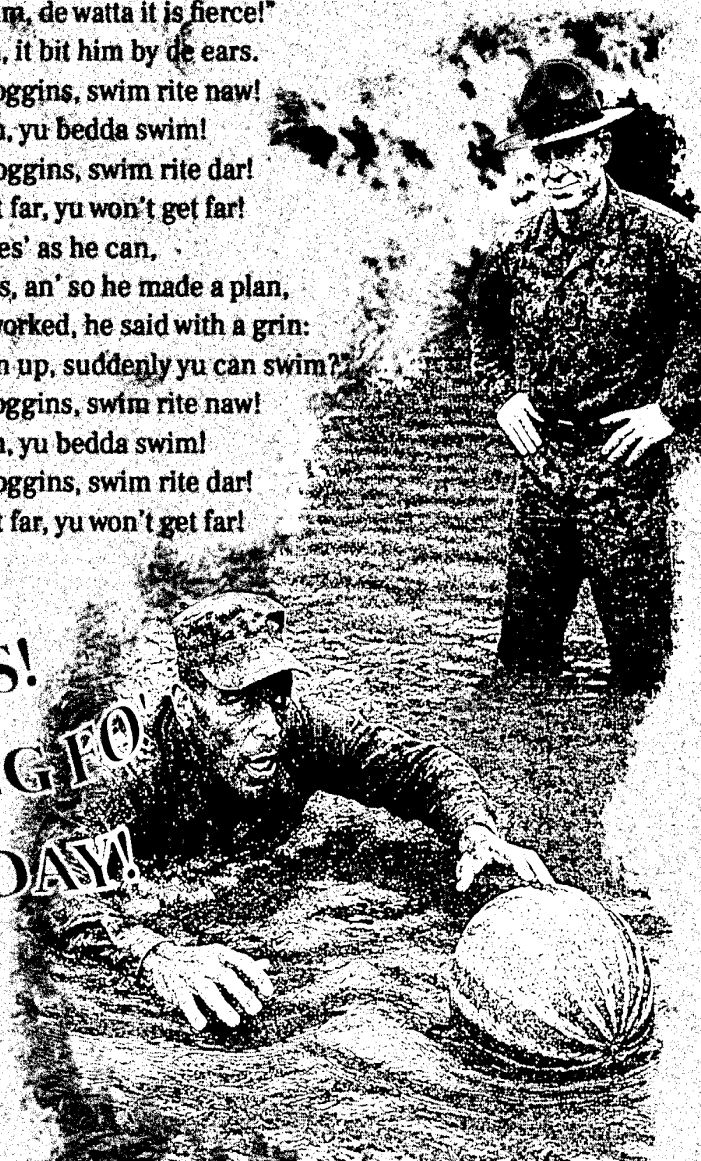


LYRICS FOR "SWIM NIGGA GOGGINS!"

By

Abeed Freeman.

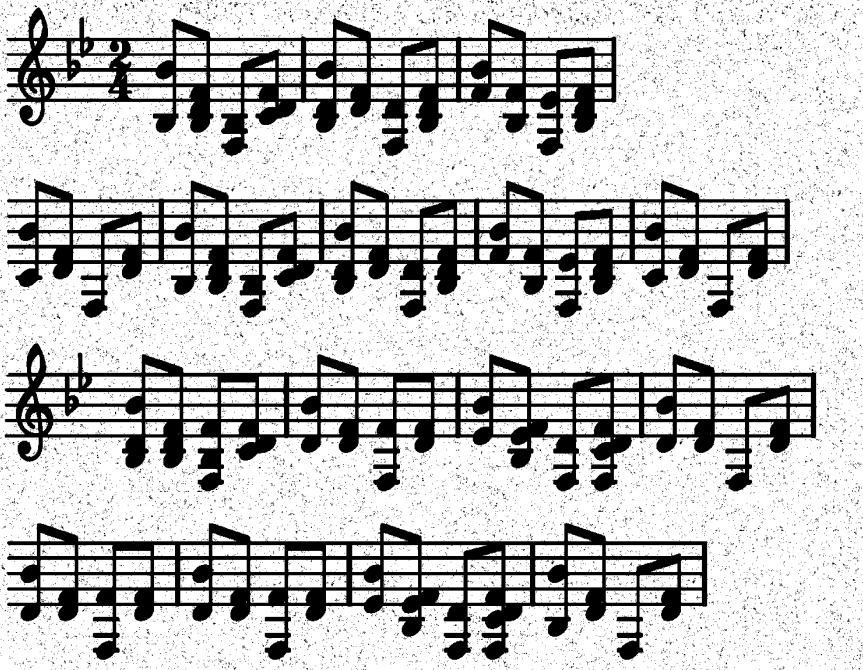
Dar wus a darkie try ta swim, Goggins wus him name,
But dis darkie couldn't swim, an' he wud exclaim:
"Helb me boss I'se cannot swim, de watta it is fierce!"
An' jas' den dere wus a fish, it bit him by de ears.
Chorus: Swim nigga Goggins, swim rite naw!
Yu bedda swim, yu bedda swim!
Swim nigga Goggins, swim rite dar!
Or yu won't get far, yu won't get far!
O! dis darkie was a' tryin' as bes' as he can,
De drill sergeant saw all dis, an' so he made a plan,
An' when dat plan sure done worked, he said with a grin:
"So when I grease de melon up, suddenly yu can swim?"
Chorus: Swim nigga Goggins, swim rite naw!
Yu bedda swim, yu bedda swim!
Swim nigga Goggins, swim rite dar!
Or yu won't get far, yu won't get far!



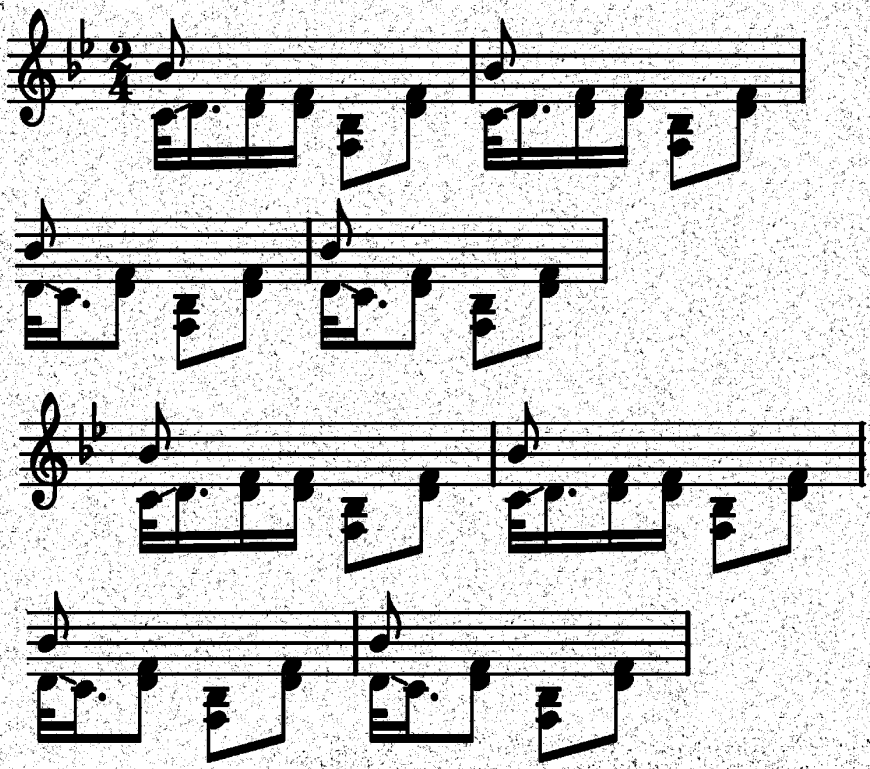
YOWZA, BOSS!
A COON SONG FO'
DE LATTA' DAY!

MUSIC FOR 'SWIM NIGGA GOGGINS!'

VERSE



CHORUS



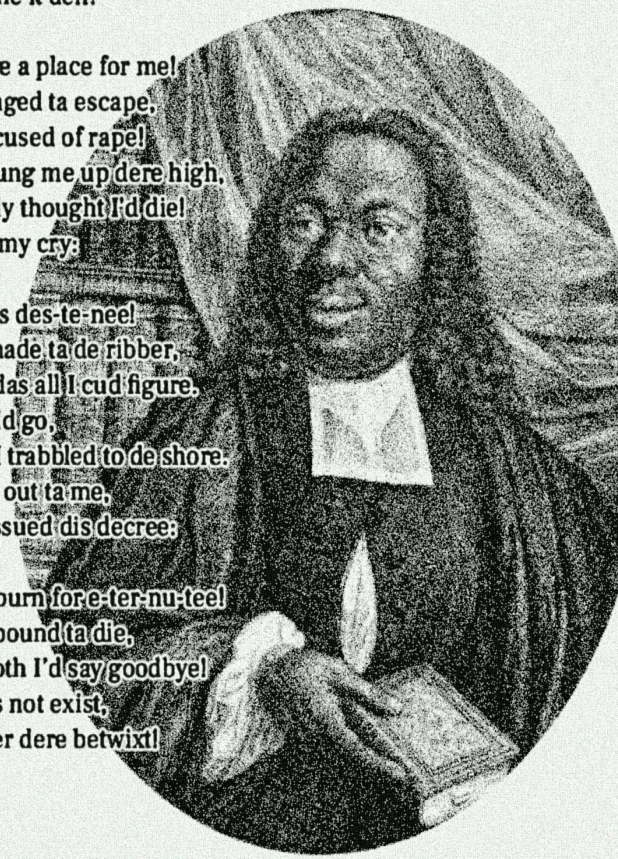
TODAY'S SECRET DARKIE

StepanBABOOnderа
Chernozem
Article Talk
From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia
Chernozem (/ tʃɜːrnəzɛm, CHWR-nə-zem),[2] also called black soil, regur soil or black cotton soil, is a black-colored soil containing a high percentage of humus[3] (4% to
nd high percentages of phosphorus and ammonia compounds.[4] Chernozem is
e soil and can p high agricultural yields with its high moisture-storage
y.[5] Chernozems are
Soil Resources (WRB).
NEED I
SAH MO'?

The Coon Calvinist.

By Caesar Dip-Dap Doo-Bah.

OH! dis ol' darkie stole a hen, and de pie he made wus fine,
But den dar came de man, ta whoop him for his crime!
So dis ol' coon ran ta church, wid pie crust on him shirt.
He went up to de altar, and dis am wut wus heard:
Oh my Lawd! Can yu hear my plea?
Lift me up by de hand from dis misery!
Now about dat hen an' silba'wer, dat surely I did steal,
I only did it kase of yu, for in all tings is yo will!
I am de'prived and libbited, dis am surely true,
But yo grace is ere'sistible, so what am gwine do?
For it was yu dat 'lected me, ta steal dat dere hen,
Fo' if it whar odda'wise, I'se wudn't done it den!
Oh my Lawd! can you hear my plea?
Now, I know I ain't no saint, but reserve a place for me!
I'se atoned so well an' mighty, dat I managed ta escape,
But in de next town obber, I'se wus accused of rape!
Dey found a tree an' swung a rope, an' hung me up dere high,
I swang so hard from de branch, I really thought I'd die!
So I look'd up to de sky, an' dis here was my cry:
Oh my Lawd! Can you hear my plea?
Yes, I know I raped dat hen, but dat was des-te-nee!
De rope dun snapped, an' I ran far, an' made ta de ribber,
I kill'd a man an' stole him boat, kase das all I cud figure.
Now, dis de boat I piloted, as fas as I could go,
I'se kept on sailin' night and day, and I trabbled to de shore:
Den I saw my pappy dere, he was calling out ta me,
His face was pale lak de night, an' he issued dis decree:
Oh my yungin! Can you hear my plea?
If you don' stop yo wicked ways, you'll burn for e-ter-nu-tee!
On both sides ob de ribber, I was surely bound ta die,
So I figured I'd jas' paddle on, an' to both I'd say goodbye!
Now, de moral ob my story, It surely does not exist,
For ta dis day I'se a' rowin', in de ribber dere betwixt!



An' dance wi' dis hea' nigga [pointing at his shadow],
dat 's de nigga shape ob me;
An' 'magine *dat 's* de coon dat use to climb de ole gum
tree
By moon-light a'ta possums in de woods ob Tennessee.

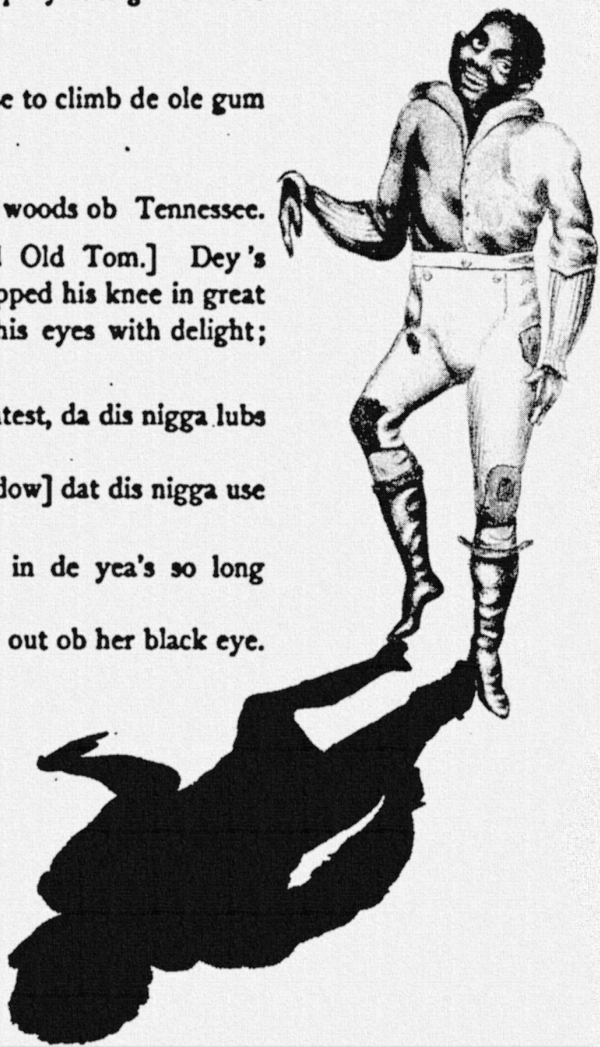
Burden: Oh, niggas; yes, niggas;
An' 'magin 'dat 's de coon dat use to climb de ole gum
tree—
Oh, niggas; yes, niggas;
By moonlight a'ta possums in de woods ob Tennessee.

[As he paused, the voices of a company of negroes in the distance rose in a grand chorus]—

Oh, niggas; yes, niggas;
An' 'magin *'dat 's* de coon dat use to climb de ole gum
tree—
Oh, niggas; yes, niggas;
By moonlight a'ta possums in de woods ob Tennessee.

Tom. Hyeah, hyeah! [laughed Old Tom.] Dey 's com'n, sho! [And the old fellow slapped his knee in great glee, and squirmed around, rolling his eyes with delight; then raised his voice again in song]—

Wha de moonbeam' am de brightest, da dis nigga lubs
to be,
An' 'magin *'dat 's* de nigga [shadow] dat dis nigga use
to see
When I dance wid lubly Dina in de yea's so long
gone by,
Afo' de stary brightness had died out ob her black eye.



RASTUS! PUT DE JUG AWAY!

DEY BE COONIN' IN DE Persia

ཡང་ཏཱཀ

བཀ་ཏཱིགས

FURNITURE

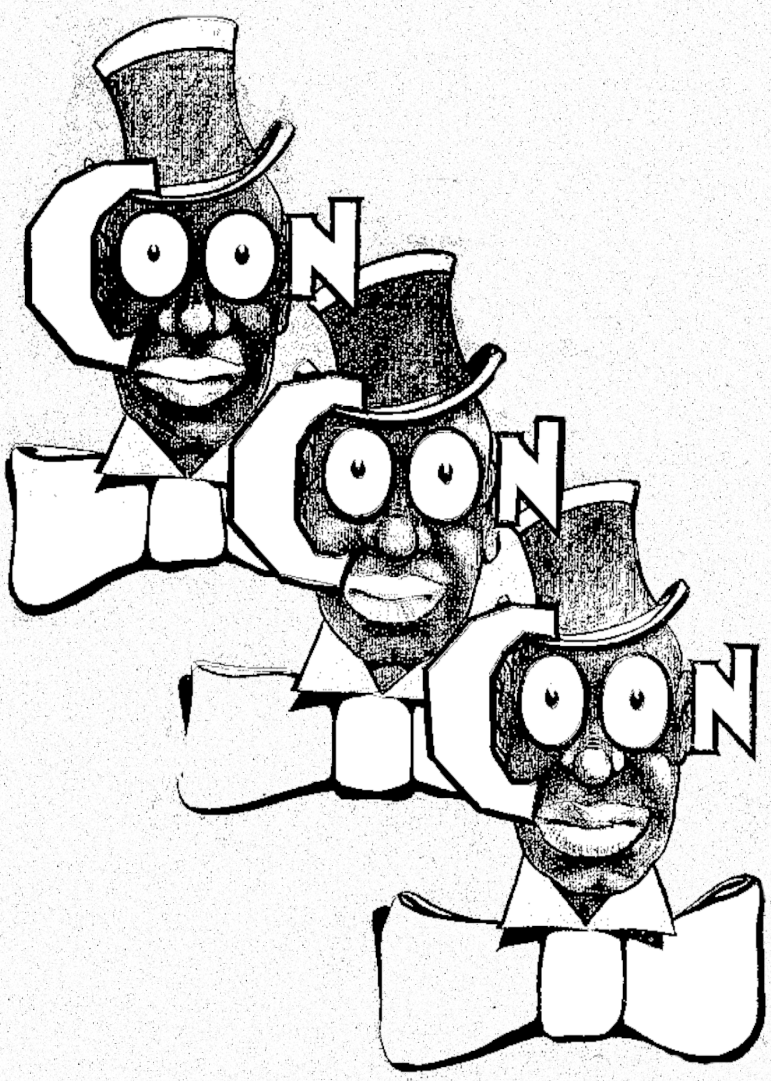
Stump Speech on Mental Health

By Jib Jiggafeet Jibby.

Hello dar! Let me ax yu a kwes'chen: do yo' spirit ebber sink low? Do the buckwheat cake not taste like it used ta'? Oh! Lawd, hab I'se seen many a' nigga in dis hea ladder day a' sufferin' frum de sadness. But I'se hea ta gibe yu de good news! Yu is not sad, yu is simply SLEEPY. Now, it sure am not sur'prisin' dat yu uneducated coons wud get de two confused. But yu is lucky, fo' dis hea darkie is sho' bound ta edulate you in dese matters.

Say a nigger got himsef in de chicken coop or de watamillion patch, in de gas-llite ob de moon. Sah fudda dat no whippin' wus ebber gwine come ta dis nigga as de form ob punish'ment. Dis hea nigga wud inflatulate himsef lak de balloon, frum eatin all dem chickens or dem wattamillions. Dis nigga wud, nat'rally, become sleepy. Now, if de same nigga cud do dis ebbery day, he wud ebentually become sad. See, de preacha man once tolded me dat it say in de byb'le dat no man can ebber serbe two massas at de same time. Jas' so, no nigga can ebber hab de whole wattamillion patch ta himsef! Kase massa' gon' beat de kinky hide off him skeen! It am true, kusins, we all hab a massa' in some shape or form, so we's a bes' choose wisely now! who it am dat we is ta serbe. Not dat any nigga on dis erf cud ebber make a deci'shn! Be dey of de Ethiopian convic'shen, a New York Arab, or Delaware Bedooin.

See, de soul ob de nigga am jas' lak de nigga body, inso'fa as when it do work, it sho' do get tired. So be at ya wits, my breddren, an' look fo' de ways in which ya' make yo' soul sleepy! Put down da telefoon an' pick up de banjo, fo' de sake of yo' own mendal heff! I sah, stob all de downloadin'!


COON
COON
COON

ZIP-A-DU-DUN-DAY!

The Nigger Napoleon.

A Sketch by Jib Hamslicer.

TWO somber darkies were sitting on a porch, passing the time, when one says to the other,

"I'se tired of bein' a nigga, I'se gwine be a Napoleon."

"I say, a Napolium?" says the other darkie, stammering.

"Yes'm, I'se not gwine be no nigger no more. I'se gwine be someting worse."

"Wuzzat?"

"A Frenchman."

"So, yu gwine become a Nawpolion, in odda ta become de Frenchman?"

"No, yu rascal," he said, and struck in the head with the ham-bone had finished gnawing on, "I'se got's ta become de French-men, an' den become de Napolinon."

"Why's dat?" The nega said, rubbing the lump on his head.

"Bekase das wut Nappyleon himsef had ta do."

"Him wusn't a Frenchman?"

"No, sir. Someting worse."

"Wuzzat?"

"An Italian."

"So dis mean yu got ta become an Italian furst?"

"Yes, sir."

"How's yu gwine do dat?"

"I'se gwine become a Reman."

"A Reman?"

"O! yas, a Reman. Kase befo' de Italian was himsef, he wus a Reman."

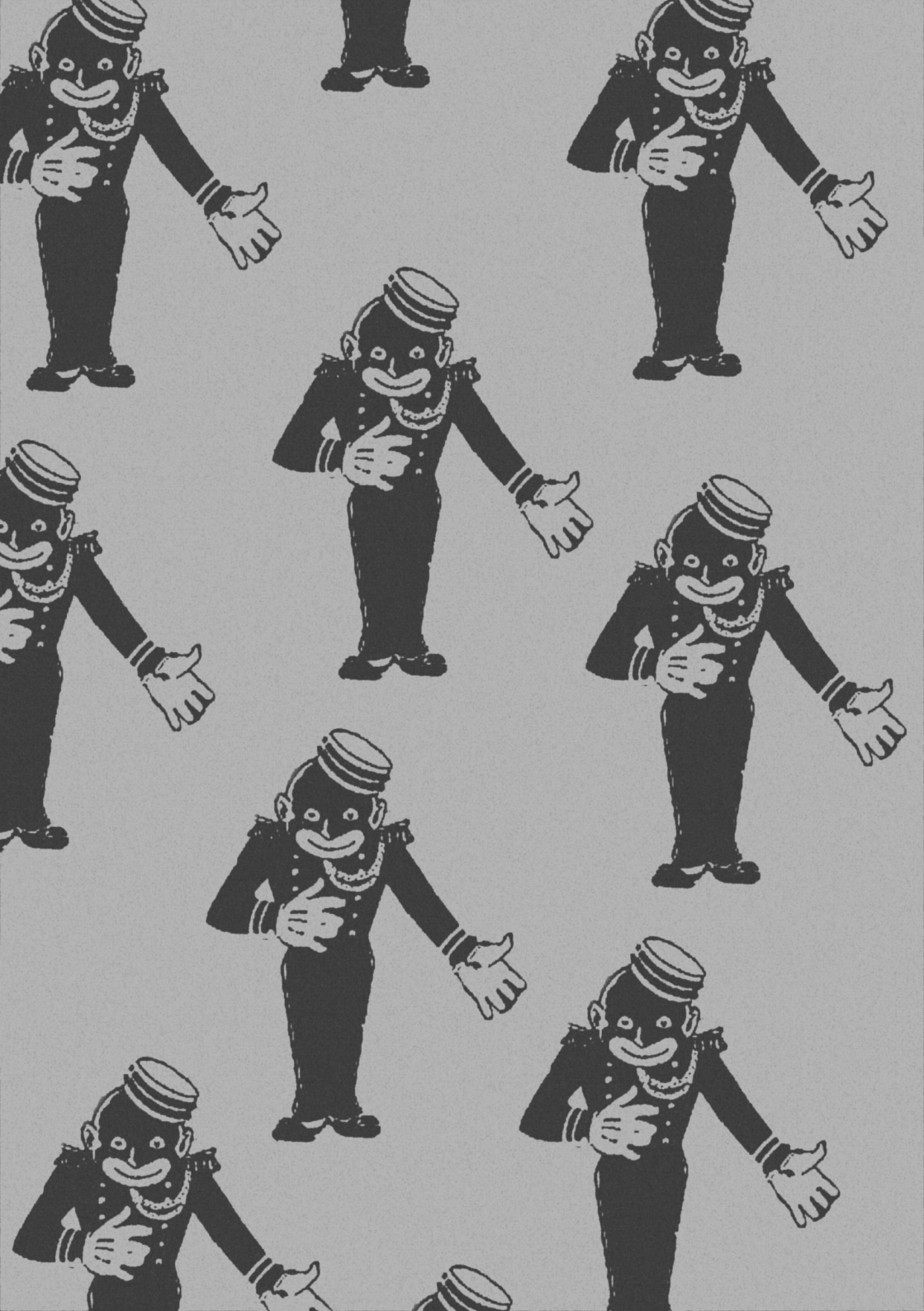
"So let me git dis rite, you gwine become a Reman, so dat's you am become an Italian, so dat yu can den become a Frenchman, an' finally yu gwine become a nappy lion?"

"No, sir."

"How's dat?"

"I'se already nappy, an' de lion come frum afrika, jas lak me!"

END.



THE END.